MADRAS LADY GRADUATES OF THIS YEAR

THE

INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE

I HOLD it the duty of one who is gifted,
And specially dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gift's height.

He must mould the man into rare completeness,
For gems are set only in gold refined,
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness,
And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

For he, who drinks from God's gold fountain,
Of art or music or rhythmic song,
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice,
And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

Great gifts should be worn, like a crown befitting,
And not like gems in a beggar's hands.
And the toil must be constant and unremitting,
Which lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

"YOUTH AND RELIGION"

By LOUISE PIN YEN CHANG

I. THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION

EVER since the appearance of human society on earth, religion has exerted a tremendous influence on social control. Where customs, law and government have failed, religion has succeeded; for, as a rule, one does not subscribe one's efforts to any task unless one deeply believes in its principles. The development of science has, to a certain extent, counteracted its operation, but so far science has failed to solve the most vital problems; rather on the contrary, it has furthered the miseries of life. Our dreams of progress are sinking further away from realization. Recently, the Hague Conference, the League of Nations, the Disarmament Conference, and all other efforts that attempt at securing peace have been frustrated. It remains the task of religion to bring about universal brotherhood on earth.

II. WHAT KIND OF RELIGION DO WE NEED?

Before answering the question, we must first determine whether we are utilizing religion as a means to an end, or are considering it as an end in itself. We must first formulate our object before we can answer this question. Is our object to be religious and religious only? Certainly not. Our aim is bring Heaven unto earth. Unless a religion administers to this end, it has no legitimate place in our scheme.

What, then, is religion? In my opinion, religion is devotion to society, in which the supreme Deity is our father, rather than an autocrat. It should aim at fellowship rather than communion with the unseen power. It should will at universal peace and harmony in order to prepare for the realization of a universal family; for we crave a household in which all are brothers and sisters working for the public good under the direction of our father, God. It should denounce dogmas, superstitions, orthodoxies, or partisanships, which blur the truth and obstruct mutual understanding. It should attack prejudices, envy, malice and spite, which are the inveterate foes of magnanimity, kindness and forgiveness, the stepping-stones to the land of idealism. It should obliterate national, racial, class and sectarian distinctions, which have forever been operating against the union of different elements. It should untiringly labour to uproot the desire for wealth, power and fame, that are obtained at the sacrifice of others. It should emphasize love for others; and, for love's sake, sacrifice. On the rational side, it should lay stress on wisdom, which will make us see that we are the masters of our own destinies. On the behaviour side, it is conduct rather than the devotion of mental attitude, that is called for. Prayer, contemplation, religious service, scripture-reading and evangelistic efforts will be meaningless, unless supplemented by altruistic enterprise. Such is the kind of religion that all people will not object to, even if they do not agree with. It is not the religion of a nation, race or class, but of the universe.

III. HOW TO REALIZE SUCH A RELIGION

We should formulate our creed, or rather our aim, of religion. It should be thus: We all, being brothers and sisters of the same father and mother, do hereby work for the democracy of God, in which all races, nations, sexes and ages have an equal footing to develop our capacities for the good of mankind; we work for peace which will give us prosperity and conditions necessary for the development of culture; we cooperate for the production of common good and allow chances for every one to do his share; we cooperate to

eliminate and prevent vice, sin, crime, and immorality; we put love in front as our ruling motive in all our dealings with each other, place the individual interests behind those of man-kind, and sacrifice them for the preservation and progress of humanity.

To accomplish this, several factors have to be utilized. The first is the organization of a society, the members of which consist of men and women in all walks of life, of all nations, and of all races, classes, political parties, and trades. But having been enlisted in the society, every member is expected to render his minimum service to the organization in one way or another. Let branch societies be organized in all countries, regardless of any pressure or opposition. Every member is expected to be dauntless, firm in upholding the principle of his religion, willing to sacrifice for his faith, and not to be induced by economic gain, power or fame to change his cause.

The second is the establishment of schools. The society should establish schools and make them train youths with such ideas. We want youths whose minds are unpolluted. Teach them with examples, lead them, suffer and enjoy with them, till they are willing to be crazy fellows to fight the battles of our religion. Let the teaching of the ideas of a universal religion be introduced in all subjects. As the knowledge of hygiene can be imparted in any course other than anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, so the ideas of universal religion can be imparted in any subject other than ethics or philosophy of life. In the meantime, those members, who are teachers or leaders of schools, may preach the principles of universal religion in them.

The third is the building up of a religious family in every home. It is in the family that universal religion is to be first taught. Parents, who support the religion, should very early train their children in humanitarian ideas. Give them chances to express themselves, but at the same time set before them worthy examples. Let them, for example, play with children of other races, make friends with them, and treat them well. When they grow up, they will not shake themselves away from their faith.

The fourth is the organization of the press. The society and its branches should organize papers, magazines, journals, periodicals and books to disseminate the principles of universal religion. Where financial resources do not permit, the members should secure the aid of the existing presses that are in sympathy with their motives and seek their active assistance. The contents of magazines or papers that they publish should consist not only of the principles of religion, but also of the means of carrying these into affect, affording definite examples. The press should also issue literature which treats of ethical principles with illustrations. The language should be clear, so as to be understood by all. There should be translators, who shall render these written works accessible to all people.

The fifth is social work. The society should not preach merely with the tongue; it must preach also with deeds. We must propagate our religion with our character and through our conduct, rather from the pulpit alone. Let us be ready to radiate the light of love in all directions. For example, we should liberate slaves of other races; we should care for their welfare as we care for our own; we should refuse to fight for material gain in order to make our country militant and triumphant; we should obliterate racial and class distinctions by demanding the same voice to all in politics, the same chances in industry, and the same opportunities in education and leisure.

We should also take part in actual humanitarian work. We should help to eliminate the evils of opium, fight against alcoholism, attack prostitution, replace prisoners in society, care for orphans, the aged, widowed, divorced, deserted, diseased,

insane, epileptic, feeble-minded, unemployed, and other unfortunates. Such work will disseminate the ideas of universal religion faster than any other organ.

The sixth is missionary enterprise. There should be missionaries to propagate the principles of religion in all walks of life; but they should not be exclusive missionaries. Members of the society, regardless of their occupation, may undertake the work at any time and in any place. But one thing is imperative. These missionaries must be trained in character: they must be patient, philanthropic, willing to sacrifice — people who are ready to forego material comfort, reputation, or even life. They must preach with tongue and deed and never say or do anything inconsistent with the principles of universal religion.

The seventh is the utilization of existing religions. We should not criticize or attack any existing religion. Let all who desire to subscribe to our creed remain in their own religion if they choose, for in fact, the fundamental principles of all religions are the same. But we must boycott professors, captains of industry and missionaries, who infuse the ideas of "my country first, right or wrong," "racial superiority," or "might is right." We should utilize all existing religions to promote the growth of our religion. Let all the progressive members of existing religions, that subscribe to our creed, congregate and incorporate such ideas into their churches to be issued from their pulpit. Convince them that all religions come from the same God, our Father.

The eighth is the appeal to law. We can approach politicians and try to influence or even convert them to our religion so that in legislation, administration, or judiciary procedure every act shall be based on humanitarian principles that lead to the building up of a United States of the World. Let our youths labor to get into politics, so that they will guide government to carry out these principles and even adopt them as tenets or policies. Then our religion will automatically run in the right channel towards universal brotherhood.

The ninth is the appropriation of the results of science. Science has been denounced as the enemy of religion, but probably of only a narrow and inhumanitarian religion which exists for itself. For our religion it will be a helper or even a supporter. A universal religion needs science to reveal the mysteries of life; for to us science means right knowledge. When we possess right knowledge, we shall understand the universe better and shall be able to formulate a conscious programme to eliminate all dangers, to promote all improvements and to accelerate progress in our lives. We shall be able to find out the missing link between causes and effects, and know better how to utilize our experiences to the proper enterprises.

Of the several sciences, Anthropology with its theory of monogenesis is of supreme importance. Let it be emphasized in schools, so that all will be imbued with the idea that we all are from the same source, whether we are white, black, red or yellow. We may then have good reasons to persuade all people to unite to work for peace rather than to fight for hatred.

Let all youths, men and women, even those that are chronologically or physiologically old but spiritually young, cooperate in such a movement with tireless energy for the realization of such a Religion.

(Adapted from the *New History Society* competition.)

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DROSSIEMAI SYRIEM,

the eldest sister of the ruling chief of Cherra, a small independent state on the Khasi hills. The Matriarchal system obtains here, and this lady has the right to be with her brother on all ceremonial and official occasions. She is popular in the state, especially among the school children. She took much interest in the recent Silver Jubilee celebrations in her state.

PHOTOS: INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAM

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MRS. ELIZABETH PAUL
of the Mary Wanamekar High School in Allahabad who won two prizes in running, at the U. P. Olympic Sports. She did 100 yds., in 11 seconds, the time taken by the boy, who secured first place in the same race.

AN ANCIENT TAMIL CITY

OVER two thousand years ago, there stood on the spot where the Kaviri (Cauvery) mingles with the sea, a very flourishing city. It was celebrated in the Tamil literature of the time as Puhar and Kaviripoompattinam; as Puhar because it was situated at the mouth of a river and as Kaviripoompattinam because it was a beautiful maritime city on the Kaviri.

Tradition has it that originally Kaviripoompattinam was named after a woman deity who, by hard penance, protected the place from the ravages of demons. At the entreaty of one of the kings, who came of the Chola dynasty, the Kaviri issued from the water-pot of Agastya. When the deity beheld the goddess of the Kaviri rushing towards her land, she advanced to receive her kindly. The river-maid herself, at the bidding of Agastya, did obeisance to the deity who was considerably older than herself. Highly pleased with the courtesy, the older woman took the maid on her lap and, kissing her affectionately, decreed that the land should thenceforth be named after them both.

Kaviripoompattinam was made the capital city of the Chola kingdom, which then extended roughly over the modern districts of Nellore, Chingleput, South Arot, Tanjore and Trichinopoly. It was under Karikalan I, who is believed to have ruled sometime in the middle of the first century before Christ. Karikalan was a mighty prince, whose ambition was to make the Chola kingdom great and wealthy by commerce and conquest. The capital city established by him is extolled in some of the ancient Tamil classics, which have lately aroused so much interest among the educated Indians of the Tamil country that they are at least talked of frequently, if not actually read. One of these classics is known as Pattinappalai, a poem of about three hundred lines, composed by Urittaran Kannanar of Kadyalur, a poet of fame in the days of the third Tamil Academy, the commencement and end of which are still a matter for conjecture. The poem was appreciated so much for its literary excellence by Karikalan himself that he rewarded its author with an incredible quantity of gold.

We are told that a husband proposed to go to distant lands to acquire wealth and to make his family happy. His wife, fearing ill might befall him in his journey, implored him with tears not to go. Moved by his wife's tears, the husband assured her that he would not leave her, even if he were tempted to do so with the grant of Kaviripoompattinam itself. Incidentally, he gave her a description of the splendour of the city.

In all probability, Urittaran Kannanar himself proposed in his poverty that he should go to Karikalan to obtain money, and it was his wife, who did not consent to the separation. Anyway, the description put into the mouth of the husband by the poet is graphic and pleasant, though somewhat difficult to read. The city was watered by the Kaviri, which never failed but always fed the fields and saved the land from famine. Fertility and abundance flourished everywhere. The land was studded with tanks and wells, groves and gardens, choultries and alms-houses. Young girls, set to watch the foodstuffs which were spread out to dry in courtyards, threw their jewels at birds to scare them away. So wealthy were the households, that we are told the jewels lay unnoticed in the dust and were not picked up for use again.

On full-moon days, the fisherfolk of the city rested from their occupation and made themselves merry, drinking toddy, dancing on the beach and bathing in the sea. They lacked no enjoyment in life and had plenty of fish and flesh to eat. Indeed, lusty with meat and drink, they often rioted among themselves with stones and crude weapons, and the vulgar lives they led contrasted strongly with the refined existence of those who were engaged in agriculture and

merchandise and abhorred eating flesh and drinking toddy. The latter patronised all good institutions and encouraged honesty in business and charity to men and beasts.

Of quarrels over religion there were absolutely none. Prince Karikalan was remarkable for his religious toleration. No sage was disturbed in his penance. So thick was the smoke which arose from the sacrificial fire of the sages that the cuckoos, it was said, mistaking it for clouds, flew away seeking for a refuge. Buddhist and Jain temples existed side by side in perfect amity. The festival of Lord Muruga, the chief deity of the ancient Tamils, was celebrated unfailingly with pomp and riot and to the accompaniment of flutes and drums.

Commerce was in a highly flourishing state under Karikalan's rule. There was a strongly-organised customs service, under which smuggling was impossible. Every article of import or export was carefully examined and sealed. The chief article of trade was salt, manufactured from the sea, conveyed in boats to the interior and exchanged for paddy. Quite a number of boats could be seen every day drawn up at the mouth of the river, like horses kept in order in stables. The market was flooded with articles exported from distant countries. Horses were brought by sea and bags of pepper by land. Gold and precious stones came from the Himalayas, fragrant wood from Coorg, pearls from the South Sea, corals from the East, food-stuffs from Ceylon and many articles of luxury from Burma. So vast was the commerce of the city that it brought into the land inhabitants from various lands, who spoke various tongues.

"The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments, like himself are perishable and frail." Thus wrote Gibbon dwelling on the ruin of Rome. The splendid city reared by Karikalan I survived him; but it perished after remaining for many years the capital of the Chola kingdom. According to legend, a successor of Karikalan failed to observe the festival, which had been held every year in honour of Indra for the protection of the city. Provoked to wrath by this failure, the deity who presided over the destiny of the city decreed that it should be swallowed up by the waves of the sea.

—*I. D. Tangaswami.*

CO-EDUCATION

PRACTICALITY has become a slogan of modern days; and people, who advance theories and ideals for guidance or meditation, are often painted in vague colours "as dry dreamers, who build castles in the air." But it stands to reason that hard practice, however honest, must be supported by theories. Without sound theories, there is often the danger of superficial work, which does not really tackle the problems involved. Especially is this so with the question of co-education, with regard to which we must be careful not to fall into the misconceptions of our orefathers. The fundamental basis or ideal, on which the conception of co-education is developed, mustindeed be clearly understood, though, among the supporters themselves of co-education, there may be vast differences of opinion.

I have often seen and disagreed with the motto that "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom". This seems to me to be a mis-conception of knowledge. Should not love or devotion be the beginning of wisdom, and not fear? Life is natural, life is vital and life is sublime. Wherever it may be, in East, West, North or South, it should be earnest and yet spontaneous, based on the individual aspects of physical,

emotional, mental and spiritual humanity. Hence, our motto should be the development of life in all its completeness.

The sweet faith of the child, the tender kindness of the mother, the gentle affection between husband and wife, the natural ties between family and community members, the general ambition for one's own country, the fine inter-action between man and the rest of the universe, the sublime beauty of nature, revealed to us by the rapture of tiny birds, the flowing of streams, the murmuring of leaves, the blowing of wind, the rolling of the waves, and the radiant outpouring of beams from sun, moon and stars—all indicate the universal flow of love, which, though manifested severally in different degrees, remains yet the natural living force of the world. Love of children, love of parents, love of family, love of country, love of the world, love of nature, represents its various stages, and the highest stage is Universal love where oneness of feeling should become the source of internal happiness. Hence, our ideal in co-education must be the right development of the mutual and loving co-operation of humanity. We cannot put life into water-tight compartments, as it were; but must try to meet all the necessities of life, towards the creation of a better humanity. An ideal can be clothed in many garbs, or painted in different hues; but the principle must be the same everywhere, individual and yet universal, and inclusive of all religions, communities and countries.

Young India, the builders of to-morrow, let us try to live this ideal spontaneously, yet wholly at our best, though no one can be perfect in thought or action. Let the understanding of life unite with the purification of life, as the basic principle of co-education.

— *K. Krishnan*

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE

H. H. The Dowager Maharani of Mandi

SOME time ago, I had the pleasure of a most interesting interview with H. H. The Maharani of Mandi. This lady, we know, has lately been in a very serious motor accident, the result of which could be seen in a fast-healing, broken arm, which was still stiff and painful. I asked her, if it was true that she had been hurt so badly, because she was trying to save a child, who had been seated in her lap. She admitted reluctantly that it was; and that she had done nothing extraordinary. In the same breath, she extolled the devotion and the presence of mind of an old servant, who had cut through the window of the overturned car and had extricated her from the ruin. "So far everything has been successful in my life," she said pathetically. "I have succeeded in most of my aims. God has blessed me; but here is this broken arm now."

The Maharani of Mandi, as we know, was the President of the All India Women's Conference held at Patna some years ago. She conducted the sittings very carefully and cleverly, and managed to get through a good deal of important work. I asked her, if she thought such Conferences did much good; she replied that they were useful, provided that the theories were worked into practice; one of the very good results of the A. I. W. C., for instance, was the Lady Irwin College for women. In any case, the A. I. W. C. was the mouth-piece of Indian women, and proved their capability, while keeping alive the public

to their real needs. Education, said the Maharani, was necessary for Indian women; how else were the mothers to bring up their sons and daughters wisely and well? Everything depended on the women; the happiness of their sons, their brothers, their husbands. For this, as well as for their own sakes, they needed the highest and best education possible. For many, of course, a different sort of study from that of men was indicated. It was enough for many women to be trained in house-keeping and management of children. But why, asked the Maharani, should such training, as well as religious training, be always supposed to be given in schools? Could not mothers do it themselves for their young children? Of course, they could, if they had education! And here it was that there was such need for the removal of ignorance and illiteracy. There was nothing like good house-training for the young child. Well-brought up girls and boys were capable in later life of many great things. Co-education, for instance, of which the Maharani approved in some ways, would mean no harm to them. The success of co-education really depended on the quality of the pupils and the teachers. Neither would there be any danger from intensive education, like that anticipated by some grumblers. A really well-educated girl would never allow herself to be too forward, and too foolishly go-ahead, like some modern girls in modern society. The Maharani disliked the ways of some social centres; rather would she spend a quiet time at home than enjoy some of their doubtful attractions; but what would not a certain type of the modern girl do for excitement? And some so-called educated girls thought nothing of spoiling the happiness of other people and other households than their own, just for the sake of what they thought was their own happiness. But, what a great deal depended on the women! A well-conducted woman could impress her personality on any society, quelling, for the moment at least, the ignobleness of even the worst-charactered man. And Indian women should be careful to keep certain conventions, not throw them aside, for the sake of foolishly aping Western women, even while they do not understand the limits of the rules they despise. The best of every nation's customs should be adopted, the others left out.

Why should marriage be the aim of all girls? Till they were eighteen, girls should be like bachelors, forming their character. Then they should be allowed to have a voice in the selection of their mates. I asked the Rani what she thought should be the ruling idea in marriage. At this moment, a friend who was there, repeated the saying of Mr. Sarda, "that marriages in the West began in love and ended in hatred; those in the East began in respect and ended in devotion." The Maharani laughed, and said she partly agreed. Yet, there was nothing like a true marriage based on real love, which would always remain constant and true. She thoroughly approved of the Sarda Act, which was in good force in her own State. She approved of divorce for women, if it was in force for men. Divorce was necessary in some cases: but separation was better, if living together was not possible. She also said that self-control was better than birth-control; but the latter seemed to be useful in some cases.

I asked her if she approved of children being sent very early to England. She said that that was all right, if there was someone really good to look after the young ones; and if they were kept in constant touch with India, so as not to become too Westernised. At present, it was the fashion for rich people to send their children very young to England. Some turned out well; some were "rotters." The whole thing was rather a gamble.

The Maharani spoke well of all religions. The same God was worshipped by everyone; but the ways of approach to Him were many. Why then despise other religions than our own? Did not the same sun shine on the world, even while its heat affected things in different ways?

The little but independent State of Mandi is in the hilly Kangara district of the Punjab. About thirty miles from the capital is the Hydro-electric scheme of Jogendranagar, which is about the best of its kind in all Asia. The Maharani is the Dowager Rani, her adopted son being the ruler. Mandi is a small State, but very progressive, I have heard. In the capital itself, with its 7000 people, there are two high schools, one for boys, and one for girls. In the former are 1100 pupils; in the latter about 400. There are about 70 or 80 outside schools. The language used is the Takanri language, which has written characters like those of Sanskrit. The rulers approved of education in English and the vernaculars.

The present ruler, we are told, is enlightened and educated, and has eschewed several customs, which were not satisfactory. The Maharani, his adopted mother, is quite pleased with him in every way.

Social Service

That one of the greatest objects of education is social service was emphasised by Mrs. Brijlal Nehru some time ago at Mysore. As she said : "education could never be perfect if it did not develop in the students the idea of, and desire for, social service. No service could be considered greater than the service rendered to a fellow being." For this service there should be deliberate training in schools, as well as in colleges. "Side by side with moral and spiritual training, there ought to be training for social service." And this service should be in the form of practical work. "Great efforts should be made to utilise knowledge for doing social service in a practical and useful manner. Close contact with life was necessary to see clearly the utility of applying theories in practical life."

There are several ways in which social service can be done in India. "Mass illiteracy and the condition of villages called for social service. It is remarkable how little of such work is done in villages. There are so many institutions in towns for social work; but hardly any in villages. It is time therefore that our educated men and women organised something really practical for rural work."

As the *Stri-dharma* tells us, the first rural women's organisation began in Canada in 1896, with the object of "promoting that knowledge of household science, which shall lead to improvement in household architecture and with special attention to house sanitation ; to a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods and fuel ; to a more scientific care of children, with a view to training the general standard of health of the country." Soon after this, various bodies came up of a technical and agricultural type, such as the ***Union of farmer's wives*** in Belgium, the ***Women's agricultural Union*** in Austria and the ***Union of house women*** in Germany. The real ideal was reached in Denmark, where very efficient schools made it possible for girls to be expert farmers, as well as well-versed in arts, science and literature.

In India, very little has been done. The *Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association* does work in Bengal, and there is the *All India Village Industries Association.* It is time, as the *Stri-dharma* suggests, that an *All-India Women's Country Organization* should be started.

We are glad to hear of the training of women in moral uplift work in Lucknow. Started in 1932, the classes have been progressing. The course lasts about six months and ranges over a wide field, comprising domestic economy, domestic hygiene, child welfare and home nursing, food values, first aid, midwifery, cooking, laundry, tailoring, knitting, gardening, and music. There is also the *Satara Village Improvement Propaganda Sub-committee*, under the leadership of Mrs. Hamid Ali, well-known as a delegate to the Joint Select Committee on Indian Constitutional Reform. In 1300 villages, propaganda courses are held for men and women, which all castes attend. To quote Mrs. Hamid Ali herself :

"We teach cooking, sewing, laundry work, soap-making, weaving, dairy work, carpentry, sanitation, kitchen, gardening, midwifery and child welfare, the care of infectious diseases, and the diseases of cattle, the law as it effects women, and the law as it binds the money-lender—everything that should make life in the villages cleaner and happier.

"And in the evening, when the classes are over, we try to give them something beyond the village, music, pictures, games, laughter. Our poor people have forgotten how to laugh. But you should hear them one of these evenings, when there are songs and broadcast music and laughter. Others come uninvited. I have known two or three thousand gather outside to listen.

"Our pupils go back to their villages, and the work spreads. They colour-wash their houses, build new kitchens for themselves, take fresh pride in their homes, and teach their neighbours. Some of their men complained that we had taught the women laundry work, but they had no money to buy soap. We taught them how to make soap—two hundred men at a time."

Is there any doubt that, with the spread of various kinds of village education, especially among women, communal strife will end ?

MY SEA-VOYAGE

A Fancy

THE sun was on the point of taking his bath after a day of strenuous labour, and the moon was just peeping out from the other side, hesitating as it were to come out before its rival's glory sank into insignificance. And this last bright flare of the waning sun's eddying flame, coupled with the modest soothing rays of the in-coming moon lent an added glow and charm to nature around.

It was at such a time that I took myself to the beach one day. On reaching there, I found that I had arrived at a most opportune time, for my friend, Mr. X, was just going boating in the sea. He eagerly invited me to join his trip and I assented with ardour. Together, we launched out merrily into the sea. Various topics of discussion passed betwixt us and thus whiled away the time in the most pleasant way imaginable. Gradually however, our tongues slackened and silence fell upon us. Automatically as it were, each felt that silence and one's own thought suited that balmy hour best, when Nature seemed to bestir herself to produce her most wondrous picture of beauty.

My thoughts went to the sea around me. Fish of all sizes, great and small, were dancing about in the sea, some staring at the moving vessel in which we had seated ourselves. To them it must have seemed a surprising phenomenon that we should thus imprison ourselves, instead of being in the water with as much ease and freedom as they enjoyed. One of them of giant size—one of their patriachs perhaps—bolder than the rest, came very near me, staring at me open-mouthed. It seemed to me that it was remarking, "oh, is it you, one of those species of the so-called highest evolution! Yet in spite of all your boasted evolutionary height, you can only float on the mere surface, and unlike us can never dive deep and enjoy the treasures hidden beneath" With that it gave a triumphant splash of its tail, incidentally giving me a bath, and dived to the depths below.

The sun sank and the moon shone out in all her proud calmness, glad that now at last she was the cynosure of all eyes. No cloud marred the beauty of the perfect sky and a light fragrant breeze added to the charm of the atmosphere. The sea was calm and unagitated, and even Lady Moon herself seemed not to be able to resist the temptation of coming down to enjoy the scene below. With her fair delicate fingers, she began to play upon the still waters. The vibration thus produced caused a rhythmic rippling of the waves and a sweet harmonious melody, which seemed like Heaven's sweetest music to my ears. Altogether the atmosphere was so serene and soothing that I felt myself sinking down into unconscious bliss, somewhat like a tiny babe lulled to rest on her mother's breast.

Thus I was drifting on and on, unmindful of my destination, when with a sickening dread of heart I found that the atmosphere around me was darkening fast. Black clouds began to gather up the hitherto pale-blue surface of the sky. Soon they spread throughout, leaving us in complete darkness. We were almost in mid-ocean, having gone on for three or four hours.

The waves began to rise up in heavy onslaughts, as if reproaching us for having dared to come so far. Rain began to pour in torrents. Thunder and lightning—those inseparable companions—began to dominate the scene. I remarked to my friend that we had been fools to come out such a long distance, as the prospect of going back looked poor indeed. My friend answered me not. I called him by name—once, twice and three times. Yet there was no answer. Surprised, angry and agitated, I began to search with my hands the place where my

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MRS. CHANDRAWATI LAKHANPAL
of the Gurukula University, Kangri, Hardwar, who is the first woman to receive the *Mangalaprasad Prize* of Rs. 1,200 for her book, *Shiksha Manovijyan* in Hindi. Last year too she was awarded a prize.

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Mrs. A. PADMINI AMMA (on the left) is the first lady to pass the B. A. with Hindi as her second language. On the right is her sister, SAVITHRI, who has passed the Intermediate, also with Hindi as her second language. Both have studied at the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam.

Mrs. RAM BAI,
who has passed the *Vidwan* Degree examination of Madras, and has become Kannada Pandit of St. Anne's School, Mangalore. She is the first lady among the Gouda Saraswats to get the *Vidwan* title.

PHOTOS: INDIAN NEWS AGENCY, SRIRANGAM

friend had seated himself. He was not there! By this time, I had become soaked and drenched with rain, the boat itself was gradually filling up, while the waves were furiously breaking in. Could my frail boat stand against such an array of opposing forces! A lonely traveller, in a rudderless boat, on a stormy sea, on the darkest of nights—the prospect was such as would shake even the most undaunted; and I was certainly not one who could be admitted into that category, in spite of my usual philosophy about the worthlessness of human life, and the glory of an after-world. I now realised for the first time that "preservation of life is the first law of nature!" I called aloud to my friend, asking him why he had so cheated me. Tearfully, I prayed to God, begging him to save me from the jaws of death yawning beside me. Then, I slowly sank down in the boat and, conscious of being dragged down to a living death, I shrieked and shrieked.

Suddenly I felt that I was being roughly shaken by a firm hand, and I heard my name called. Thus rudely-wakened, I opened my eyes. My friend was at my side, peering into my face and breaking into irrepressible laughter. Irritated, I sat up, and to my wondering delight found that I was still safe in the boat and that the atmosphere around me was as calm and undisturbed as at first. "When did the storm abate?" I asked my friend. In reply, he broke into another fit of laughter; but, seeing my serious and perplexed face, he stopped short and answered, "As soon as you awoke from your sleep." He explained that the serenity of the atmosphere had but coaxed me to deep slumber and that he had been loth to disturb me until my shrieks left him no choice. Had I been really sleeping, I wondered and was everything a dream? I touched my dress to see whether it was wet, but it was as dry as it was when I had put it on!

When I explained my little dream to my friend, he smiled and said, "If only the storms and winds that disturb the smooth current of our lives are as fleeting and shadowy as this dream of yours, how much better would life be!" With these words we stepped on shore, for our boat had been carrying us back, while I was having my wonderful dream.

— *Seelavathi Amma.*

"IT ONLY WALKS BY NIGHT"

SAVITRI was really quite a practical girl. That was why she had left her home and taken up work—a secretarial job, in a large city. She loved being independent and was therefore quite proud of herself earning her own living, and staying in her little flat all by herself; but she felt very lonely at times, especially when after dinner her Ayah and bearer left her to go down-stairs and have their meal. Only a short half-hour, she knew, before her Ayah came back, chewing her *pan* and full of gossip and ghost stories; but still, a lonely half-hour!

To-night, Savitri felt rather more lonely than usual, and perhaps a little nervous, for she could not help remembering a certain man who had followed her on her way back from office. A nasty-looking man, with eyes that stared madly at her, and a ghastly smile on his pale face. He had followed her for a long time, until, thoroughly nervous, she had jumped into a passing bus, and thought she had given him the slip. However, she had got a nasty jar when she thought she saw him again, just for an instant before she entered the garden of the house in which she had her flat. What if he should try to come up now—when she was all alone?

Ugh—a shudder passed through her; but only to change into a sigh of relief when she saw her cheerful grinning Ayah come into the room.

To-day, the old woman was full of ghost stories. She had heard this and that and the other. "What do you think?" she said; "Even this house is haunted, Miss, and only a little while ago, the *Mali* told me that a woman in a *burka* walks about just outside the rooms, in that verandah, at dead of night. It seems a Mohammedan woman died here a few years ago. She died quite suddenly, one new-moon night, and some people say she committed suicide, and ever since then she walks by night on a new-moon day, and peers into all these doors and windows."

'Oh stop it," cried Savitri, "anyway, it isn't new-moon to-day—thank goodness, so perhaps our ghost will spare us. We had better go to bed."

She slept well that night, and when she awoke the next morning no memory of the ghost clouded her happy mood.

It was a week later, however, that she was rudely reminded of it when a friend of hers, looking into the sky one evening, and beholding the new-moon, said, "Oh, Savitri, let me look at your face. There's the new-moon." That night, she tried to tell herself that her Ayah's story was all false, and that she herself was much too sensible ever to believe in ghosts; but she could not help peering rather fearfully around, when she had put the lights out and had gone to bed. How silly she was, though. There she was, quite safe, with her Ayah in the next room, and her bearer outside her locked door. What was there to fear? She never believed in spirits. Why then this sudden dread of the supernatural? Was it because her nerves were all going awry for other reasons; and because she had some fear that was more urgent than threatenings from the under-world? She dreaded going to office more and more now, for the moment she stepped out of her flat, the gruesome follower of a few days ago was there, always watchful. He followed her wherever she went—sometimes close behind, until she was afraid to look back, and felt her hair stand on end, and sometimes far away, when she could feel his eyes piercing her even from the distance. What could she do? She could not avoid him—and she could not report him to the police, for he never molested her, or even spoke a word to her.

It was late, but Savitri could not sleep. She tossed restlessly on her bed, and every now and then looked at the verandah, fearful of seeing the apparition. Her Ayah, forgetful of the new-moon ghost that only walked by night, was asleep in the next room, and Savitri could hear her snores. She closed her eyes, and tried to forget her fears; then she thought she heard a faint rustle outside—just the crunch of a dry leaf on the verandah under a heavy foot—and trembling with a dread that seemed to choke her, she opened her eyes. Yes—there it was, a woman in a *burka*, walking along the verandah towards her open door, making straight for her bed. As if hypnotised, she stared at the apparition as it came nearer and nearer. She could not move a limb, and the sweat poured down her pale face. Nearer and nearer it came, until there it was—stooping over her, peering into her face—Oh God alive, what was happening? Savitri gave one terrific scream, as if all the devils in the world had possessed and were torturing her soul—and then she fainted.

When she regained consciousness, her Ayah and bearer were standing bewildered beside her, and Mrs. Rama Rao, the lady down-stairs, was trying to make her sip some brandy and water.

"What's happened? Where's the ghost?" asked Savitri. "I thought it was going to kill me."

"It was only a nightmare, Savitri," answered Mrs. Rama Rao. "Your Ayah heard you scream, and came to see what had happened. You had fainted. She was so

frightened she came down and called me. It must have been a bad dream."

"No, no—she was here—the ghost that only walks by night. I swear it," and so poignant was her memory, that she began trembling again.

That night, Savitri developed fever, and for many days had to be in bed. Mrs. Rama Rao arranged that she should stay with her down-stairs, and, when Savitri was strong enough to move about, the doctor ordered that she should go home for a rest. So, Savitri decided to go back to South India to her parents, on a month's holiday. The ghost, and even the leering face of her follower were becoming vague and unreal to her, and she was beginning to think that her imagination had played her false that night.

Imagine her astonishment, therefore, when, at the station, she again saw the *burka* figure walk before her, and enter her compartment marked "ladies." Her first exclamation was, "Oh God, it also walks by day," and she felt herself go cold and faint; but she pulled herself together and said ghosts did not parade on railway platforms in the midst of a thousand other people. Also, India had many *burkad* women, who had as much right to travel in a ladies' compartment as she had. She could not help wishing however, that she could have a third person travelling with her.

Savitri gave up looking out of the window and turned her attention to her companion. They were well on their way now, and she was surprised to find that her companion still had her *burka* on. A shudder crept over her, and she looked at her more carefully. Too much of a studied indifference for a Mohammedan woman! Why did she look so steadily out of the window? Savitri stared and stared, and suddenly her eyes rested on the hands of her companion.

Large hairy hands—good gracious, could those huge fingers ever belong to a woman? Frightened, she looked at the feet, and sure enough, her fears were confirmed, for there, just below the fringe of her *burka*, she saw the folded flap of a trouser leg. With difficulty she suppressed a frightened scream, and turned towards the window again, for now she was certain that a man was in her compartment, and that this same man was the ghost that had visited her that night. Time, it was time she wanted, for she was sure her adversary was biding his, until she should be off her guard. Struggling for breath, and trembling with dread, she sat on, afraid to rise and pull the alarm chain, lest he should be too quick and prevent her. At last, after what seemed ages, she heard the engine whistle and knew the train was nearing a station. He was probably waiting for this same station to pass before he molested her. Oh God—would the station ever arrive? She watched every movement of his from the corner of her eye, and once, when he got up, she became cold with stark fear; but he only looked for something in his bag.

Then, she saw houses approaching, and at last the train drew up before a station. She waited her time until a guard passed by, and then she called him to ask what the time was. As he came near the window, she stooped over to him feverishly, and whispered in his ear, "Guard, there's a man in the compartment. Come in at once." Bewildered, he entered, and before the *burkad* figure knew what had happened, Savitri said in a loud voice:

> "Guard, that is not a woman but a man."

But the guard was too late, for the ghost that walked only by night had sprung at the guard and held him by the throat. It was Savitri who came to the rescue, and called a station orderly to the guard's help. Soon there was a crowd before her compartment, and the *burkad* figure was held fast. Roughly, they drew away the covering draperies, and there, before her,

Savitri beheld the leering face of the man, who had followed her along the streets for so many days. He now looked quite mad, and she thanked her stars that she had been saved from a lunatic, as the station officials dragged him away from her compartment.

—*Rohini.*

TRUE LOVE

YOUNG Gopal, the sixteen year-old son of the *cooli* at the Rice Mill, began to think of his own misfortunes. He, one of the best-looking of youths, one of the cleverest of students in the S. S. L. C. class, one of the best sportsman in the whole school, to be the son of a labourer, to be living in a house which had only two rooms, not to be able to wear a silk shirt or get the sweet-smelling soaps he wanted;—was not God cruel? And people had the foolishness to call that God kind! As these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was combing his hair, and adjusting his clothes at a small mirror. Suddenly, a dark thin man came into the room, looked at the boy with eyes full of anger and said, "Boy, you are wasting my money like this. What right have you to eat your food in laziness, which I earn with such difficulty? My curses be on you. May you never be happy!" As the last words came out of his mouth, tears came into his eyes and he rushed out of the room. The boy stood there as if he had heard nothing. Then there came into the room a girl of about ten years, wearing a torn skirt and with a child of two in her arms. She too rebuked the boy "Brother, what a bad boy you are! You are wearing clean white things, you have everything you want, while we have nothing..." Here she was suddenly stopped in her childish prattle by a cruel kick from Gopal. She went out crying loudly, and Gopal went to the other room. Dirty clothes were seen everywhere in heaps, and in one corner a middle-aged woman, as thin as a bamboo stick, lay on an old mat. She was weeping. As soon as she saw her son, she said "Gopal, you wicked boy, I am not going to live long. It is you that should look after the girls. Why are you so cruel? Can't you be without always making yourself look nice?" But Gopal only smiled; and with that beautiful smile playing on his beautiful mouth he went to the door and stood there, as if waiting for some one. All the time he was grumbling angrily to himself. At last, a young girl of thirteen wearing a dirty red sari came running in from somewhere. She hid her left hand in her sari, while in the other she held an eight-anna coin towards Gopal with a smiling face which was full of love. To her utter amazement, however, the boy, after taking the money and putting it in his pocket, pulled out the hand which she was hiding, and said, "Thief, what are you hiding?" But, to his wonder, blood was pouring from a finger, which was crushed and injured. He cried out, "Lakshmi, what is this?" The girl quietly said, "It is nothing, dear Gopal! Don't be afraid. It is only a scratch, which I had when I was grinding corn. Do you think that I do not love you enough to endure a small scratch?" But the proud boy's eyes were full of tears and taking his silk handkerchief he tenderly tied it round his sister's finger. His next work was to run into his room and, one by one, he threw his soap, his hair-oil and every other cosmetic into the ditch outside. And from then onward all were amazed to see the change in him to a dutiful loving boy. And so it was that the mind, which could not be affected by anger, jealousy or grief, was at last brought round by true love.

— *A young Indian sister.*

OUR SERIAL STORY

King Systos the Mighty

By HERBERT PORTER

CHAPTER IX

The Prince in Aria

MEREDES arose betimes the following day, his keen spirit dancing for every joy, his thoughts burning like coals in a glowing fire.

It was a most perfect day. The sky was a deep transparent blue, with tiny white clouds floating lazily across the shimmering expanse of the heavens. Long shafts of liquid light were darting from the golden-faced sun, like mighty spirits leaping in glee over land and sea.

The Royal household was astir shortly after Meredes arose. The Queen and Didus met almost simultaneously in a pretty breakfast room, into which the philosopher had been ushered. Meredes arrived somewhat late, but full of happy appologies. He had been collecting some of his personal treasures, to carry away with him to Aria. Breakfast, attended by much pleasant conversation, was quickly over. Then were said the "good-byes" and, though the Queen was inwardly sad, she shewed but few signs thereof outwardly. With a gay spirit, Meredes, accompanied by the philosopher, left the palace. The two were quickly aboard the galley, which stood awaiting their arrival, and soon the ship was speeding happily down the canal towards Aria.

Words flowed apace from the vivacious Prince. He chattered with eager excitement about a multitude of things, as a youth often does, while those more advanced in years take a more silent and philosophic view of life. Didus was not in a talking mood, but was forced into affability by the sheer buoyancy of spirit in the Prince. The journey passed merrily. The waters were perfectly calm and the trireme was sent bounding over them by the steady and practised strokes of the sturdy oarsmen.

In the bright and streaming sunshine—watching the endlessly incoming waves, lapping and breaking in white and glistening foam-crests on the golden sand—sat Ceska, her thoughts wandering away over the sea to the famous City of Art, whither her father had gone.

The *Medea* of Euripides lay unstudied in her lap. After many attempts at concentration of mind, all of which had proved futile, she had abandoned her task, and given herself up wholly to the delight of dreams.

The day had been perfect. Now the lights of evening were begining to fall, and somehow, she could not remove thoughts of Prince Meredes from her mind. She seemed to be held in an entrancement beyond her understanding. A vague sense of a subtle "something unfathomable" stirred her whole being, such as the soul can only feel, when it goes out in yearning and searching and groping in the dark — when it speeds abroad to meet the invisible soul which Heaven ordains should be its companion and help-meet.

She had sat thus, so full of dreams, that she had not observed the steady approach of the ship which bore her father and the Prince. Suddenly, she espied it bounding along. Rising and shaking off the lethargy into which she had fallen, quickly she launched her own boat, which lay upon the shore, and was soon rowing towards the oncoming ship.

The keen, hawk-like eye of Didus discerned the approach of the small boat. He stood watching it draw nearer and nearer, until soon Ceska had rowed alongside the trireme, which, by this time, had been allowed slowly to drift. The Prince and Didus and also their equipage were lowered into the punt, and Ceska, turning the prow homeward, sent the little boat skimming over the sea, for she was as strong physically as she was mentally.

The trireme was also turned about and was soon on her homeward route. For a few moments Didus watched the receding trireme, and then turned to introduce to each other, Ceska and the Prince. Meredes, at that psychological moment, was thinking that he had

never before seen such a radiant and beautiful vision. An electric thrill passed through the Prince's body. His pulses throbbed and his heart seemed to him to be trying most frantically to burst from its seat of existence. His face flushed, as he graciously acknowledged the pretty little smile and nod of the head, which, in the circumstances, was the best possible method of greeting.

The Prince suddenly became quiet and contemplative, and Didus, attributing this change of mood to shyness, greatly relieved the situation by the recital of his experience with the elements and his nearness to death. Ceska listened intently as her father described how the frail ship had split in two, and how her crew had perished with her. Also how he had clung, through the violence of the storm, to a floating piece of wreckage. The Prince heard but a few stray sentences concerning the philosopher's night of peril. He had no ears or eyes for any but Ceska, who seemed to him to be the very embodiment of all things heavenly.

At last the keel of the boat grated on the shingle and the three stepped ashore, passing through the sweetly-scented garden, and, as night approached and the silent moon went sailing more and more brightly amidst the starry hosts of the firmament, they wandered about the beautiful shores of that Eden called Aria.

Neither the Prince nor Ceska spoke many words, for each of them was transported into that perfect heaven of bliss, which needs but silence for its interpreter, and in which the mere presence of the one specific soul sought is sufficient to fill the mind of the other with a thousand radiant visions of life perfected. Didus attributed the silence of the Prince and Ceska to the fascination and extremely dignified beauty of the night, for Ceska and himself had oftentimes wandered thus for hours together, without exchanging a word in the calm presence of enchanted Nature.

Therefore, silence was the acknowledged and perfectly understood rule on such occasions. So Didus wandered away in thought through many realms of knowledge, for " the beautiful " in Nature always elevated his mind to the consideration of universal things; and, as this stage of mind grew upon him, his pace slackened and soon he wandered on alone, and Ceska and the Prince, perceiving his abstraction, hastened their steps, leaving the philosopher to his worthy cogitations.

Few words were exchanged between the two lovers, but a powerful understanding seemed to have suddenly grown up between them. Each understood the silence of the other. Each felt the mutual heart-throbs. The keen eye-beams, which flashed between them, bespoke the strong soul fire which had kindled in each, in so short a time, and, ere Didus again reached his pleasant garden—to which Ceska and the Prince had returned—though no word of love had passed between them, each knew that a quenchless flame was lightened for ever in the heart of the other. Each realised that a new and boundless joy had leapt into existence, and that naught but Death could undo that which Fate had done in but a few short hours.

At this precise moment, the slow steps of Didus sounded on the garden path, and the two unavowed lovers, glancing quickly into each other's expressive eyes, turned and passed into the house, and were soon absorbed in a conversation upon many things in general and particular. The Prince soon discovered that Ceska was much in advance to himself, where knowledge was concerned, and he at once determined that he would work well and long at his tasks, for the spirit of emulation, which formed a strong element in his nature, arose greatly within him.

It was some considerable time before Didus joined them, he being busily engaged in the task of setting everything in order about the house, and personally attending in detail to all matters which concerned the Prince's comfort. When, at last, the philosopher did join his two pupils, it was to find them immersed in a discussion concerning the wisdom of Thales and others.

"What, then, is the real end and aim of knowledge?" asked the Prince.

"To instruct and elevate the mind, to lead a man to usefulness to his fellows, and eventually, to help spiritualise the whole being," replied Didus.

"The senses are easily deceived, and it is wholly unwise to trust too much to them, even

in the acquisition of knowledge," remarked Ceska.

"It is certainly foolish to judge of things by their appearance," said the Prince. The sun appears to traverse the Heavens, but actually the revolution of the earth upon its axis gives the impression. When the body goes down into the grave, a human being appears to be dead and finished with, but the hour of death is that person's true birthday."

"The senses are like the sun. The sun makes the heavens invisible and the earth clear; the senses obscure heavenly things and open up earthly ones," said Didus—quoting Philo Judaeus. "We must get within the sanctuary of the Spirit, for all true and perfect power," continued the pbilosopher. "If we could reach the real deeps of the Spirit, all knowledge would become intuitive and the mysteries of Creation and Life would stand revealed. We must, as it were transcend knowledge and break into Cosmos."

"Yes," said Ceska, quoting Yudisthira. "True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquility is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart."

"It seems that life can only be brought to human perfection," said the Prince, "by a balance of all the powers. Some over-develop the mind, and lose the soul. Some over-develop the soul and lose the mind. So that, by quiet unfoldment of all, and the interaction of each upon others, we get the highest type of mortal."

"That clinches the argument," said Didus. "So let us be off to rest."

Ceska bade the Prince and her father good-night," and vanished like a sunny vision.

The philosopher led the way to the rooms which were for the Prince's private use, and, bidding him sleep well and prepare for hard work on the morrow, he passed into his own apartments, and was soon soundly sleeping.

CHAPTER X

LOVE DECLARED AND LOVE UNDECLARED

So the days went speeding on, and the Prince Meredes grew more and more both in love and learning. His studies under the philosopher were so well ordered and consistent that he quickly grew into the spirit of wise counsels and increased greatly in understanding.

The happy influence also of the philososher's home, together with his burning love for Ceska, began more and more to stamp itself upon his clearly-defined and intellectual face. His physique was excellent, and his demeanour was sufficiently reserved to lend him true dignity, without that undue pride which so often mars natures which might otherwise be termed almost faultless.

To the Prince, Ceska had grown an indispensable being. Their wanderings together through the lovely paths and by-paths of Aria, their evening strolls on its interminable shores, their endless discourse upon endless subjects, all these had led them both further and further into the meshes of the fine net of love, until the Prince could no longer live without declaring to Ceska his ceaseless affection and adoration. It haunted him by night, it lived with him all the day through, and go whither he would, his imagination turned to see but one image—the radiant vision of Ceska.

Studies were over, and the day was again declaring as these two beautiful spirits went wandering away for their usual evening ramble. They were both in a silent mood on this particular evening, and strolled on without exchanging ideas upon any single point.

The great sun, like a ball of crimson, was sinking slowly. All the western sky was ablaze with livid light, and the sea also looked to be a mass of liquid fire. The sky above was clear, and the pale moon and a few sallow stars held just sufficient light within themselves to cause them to be observable. In the distance, a few small boats were sailing homewards, and, but for these, the whole span of earth and sea seemed to be forsaken.

Transported in spirit by the fascination of this scene, the two had stopped by mutual yet unspoken consent to gaze thereon in ecstasy.

They had stood thus for sometime, when suddenly the Prince, burning with love and quivering with emotion, clasped Ceska in a strong embrace and kissed her with a swift kiss of immortal affection, crying: "Know, Ceska, that I cannot live another day upon this earth,

without telling you of my great passion for you. I have loved you since first I beheld you, smiling and beautiful, on the day whereon I came to Aria. Tell me that you love me, as I love you, for I have read it in your eyes that you do."

For a moment Ceska was silent; then, with a swift movement, she threw her arms about him, saying: " I love you, Meredes; but you are a Prince, and I......"

Before she could say more, the Prince had stopped her lips by the seal of his own, thus arresting any further protest, and declared: " Were I ten times a Prince, I would renounce all for your sake, if necessary, and speed away with you secretly from all courts and crowns and such like. Do not let us speak, tonight of such things, but let us live only in the happiness of this present dream of perfection—in the joy and knowledge of the vastness of our love, which shall overcome all obstacles and cast down all barriers from between us, whatsoever may arise."

So the Prince and Ceska, full of the ecstatic pleasures of their newly-told love, with glowing minds and hearts as strangely on fire as the great setting sun before them, lingered on the shore, while the evening faded quite away, and night with mystic and mellow light crept out of the darkening east across the silent sky, lighting a myriad glittering orbs in the translucent heavens.

The moon, with silver beams, was sailing high above them as they turned again towards home.

On arrival at the garden, they observed two figures moving slowly along the path, and, with a litttle exclamation of joy, the Prince hurried forward, drawing Ceska along with him. At the sound of hurrying steps, the two figures in front turned to greet those approaching, and, in a moment Meredes had clasped both his mother's hands in his own, in a warm and delightful greeting, for the queen, weary of being so long alone and parted from Meredes, had come to Aria to spend a few weeks with him and Didus.

After the Queen and the Prince had exchanged greetings, Ceska was introduced to Alestes, and the four, in jubilant mood, passed into the house. When they were all well seated, the Prince arose, and, facing his mother and Didus, declared to them in a few simple words, how greatly he loved Ceska, and that his love was reciprocated, that he had that evening declared to Ceska his passion, and that they had promised each other deathless devotion.

The Queen did not seem in the least degree surprised at this piece of intelligence, but Didus received it with more or less of a display of wonderment, for he had hardly contemplated that Ceska would ever fall in love.

Didus glanced swiftly at the Queen, and the Queen in turn glanced swiftly at Didus. It was a case of mutual consent, and therefore they at once congratulated the happy pair, who were made the more happy by the knowledge of the mutual acquiescence of the Queen and the philosopher to their betrothal.

As the days passed, Alestes became so impressed by the beauty and romance of Aria, that she determined to stay much longer than she had originally intended, during which time she spent many happy hours with Ceska and the Prince, and also many intellectual and pleasant evenings with the philosopher, when the two lovers had finished their tasks and had strolled away to delight each other with tales and anticipations of the years to be.

Thus the Queen and Didus were left to each other's company a good deal, and gradually Didus began to be seized by strange and, at first, unaccountable feelings. When in the presence of the Queen, he became more silent and abstracted in mind, and at times, even erratic in conversation, until, at last, he was forced to admit to himself that he was fascinated by the sweet charm and beauty of Alestes.

The Queen, with that keen intuition which characterises an intelligent woman, began to suspect that Didus also was falling in love; and, before the philosopher had absolutely realised that he loved the Queen, she had perceived that such was the case.

This complicated matters.

It meant that, out of kindness for this wonderful man, she would perforce be obliged to return to the City of Art, for though she so much admired the genius and kindly disposition of Didus, she could never love him.

During her lonely days, after Meredes had left the place, Alestes had discovered that the intense love of her intense nature had passed beyond her power to sway. She loved, with every clinging fibre of her being, the lonely and despised prophet, Aphiades!

(To be continued)

Advice to a Young Mother

1. Artificial feeding for infants.

THE ideal food should be as much as possible like human milk, should be fresh and rich in vitamins, and should not leave any undue residue to ferment in the bowels. Cow's milk is the best for this purpose; but it contains a larger proportion of curds than human milk. Therefore, it should be diluted as shown in the table below:

Up to 2 months...	1 part of milk	1 part of water	
2 to 4 ,, ...	2 ,,	1 ,,	
4 to 6 ,, ...	3 ,,	1 ,,	

Then, whole milk.

But then the sugar is lessened, and must be made good by the addition of cane sugar in the proportion of one level teaspoon for every 3 ounces of *one in one* dilution; one teaspoon for every 4 ounces of *2 in 1* and *3 in 1* dilutions; one teaspoon for every 6 ounces of *whole* milk.

The fat is also less. To make it up, cream used to be added; but half a teaspoon of cod-liver oil is now recommended morning and evening, mixed in the feed. The milk should be boiled to get rid of bad germs; but the boiling should not be overdone. It is enough if the milk is brought up to 3 boilings; and the water should be added before the boiling. The vitamins lost by boiling can be supplied by orange juice.

The quantity given should be regulated; 2 to 2½ ounces of fluid for each pound of body weight are required in 24 hours. This should be divided into the number of feeds; and each feed should be made fresh. The intervals of feeding should be altered with the age. Up to 3 months, the child should be fed every 3 hours, i.e. 6 feeds a day. After 3 months, it can be fed every 4 hours. When the food is strengthened, the change should be made gradually, first for one feed, then for two and so on.

Iron should be given in some form. The following has been suggested:

Ferri et ammonii Citras	grs.	2
Glycerinum	m	3
Water to make	m	60

Sig. A teaspoonful to be added to three feeds in the day.

The following summary can be made of the rules of feeding :—

(1) Calculate the amount of fluid required for the baby's weight.

(2) Choose correct dilution according to age, and the amount required for each feed.

(3) Dilute the milk just before administration, boil and add sugar in proper proportion.

(4) Feed the baby at regular intervals and avoid feeding whenever the baby cries.

(5) Add half a teaspoonful of good cod liver oil for the morning and night feeds.

(6) Give a teaspoonful of fresh orange juice daily.

(7) Give a teaspoonful of iron mixture three times a week at least.

Tinned foods should be used only, when

fresh cow's milk cannot be had, or when the baby cannot digest cow's milk. There are 3 kinds of such:—

1. Dried milk which is prepared by evaporating fresh milk, and is always sterile. There are two kinds of this, full-cream and half-cream. The latter is like human milk, and needs no sugar to be added. *Allenbury's I and II, Cow and Gate half-cream* and *Sunshine Glaxo* are examples.

2. Condensed milk is made by evaporating cow's milk to 1/3 of its bulk, and can be had sweetened and unsweetened. *Nestle's Ideal milk* is very good, being given for infants up to 3 months in the proportion of 1 part of milk to 3 parts of water, with 1 teaspoon of sugar for 4 ounces of food. After 3 months, the proportion should be 1 in 2.

3. The other foods are to thicken the milk for babies over six months; and the strengthening should be done gradually. Some of the foods are *Allenbury's No III*; *Glaxo Malted Milk*; *Nestle's Milk food*, and *Robinson's patent barley*. *Benger's food* and *Mellin's food* are good for sick and weak children.

(*Adapted from Health*)

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2. Building of self-confidence in Children

The motive of every disappointed life can be traced back to childhood; and is usually found in a sense of inferiority felt by the child when compared either to other children or to grown-ups. Then the child will either feel itself in the back-ground and become shy and timid and self-deprecating; or will wish to compensate in some way and prove that it is good enough, and so become boastful and bullying. Parents should try to find out this tendency and do their best to treat their child in the correct way. Sex and size have to be considered. They can keep from saying be-littling things about boys and girls as against each other. Sex or age also should not be allowed to be used as a means of threatening or force. A child need not be pitied in its presence. And the commands of adults should not be enforced, but should be given with tact and politeness. Children can be taught to do things for themselves, instead of being helped. Too much attention and love is always crippling, and makes the child unfit to deal with school, business, or even marriage in later life. On the other hand, too little love also spoils the child, makes it feel crushed, rebellious and resentful. It feels others preferred before itself and takes to undesirable actions to get attention directed to it. Especially is this so when a new baby arrives, in which case the older child should be made to understand that it is still as much loved as before; and that the difference of attention is because the smaller infant needs more care.

"If we could act in the belief that life was co-operative rather than competitive, that we were working and acting with people and not against them or in rivalry with them, and train our children to live in the same belief by encouraging group and individual activities, appreciating their efforts to solve the problems that come up, and putting a stern check on our impulses to solve them for them, we would be able to eliminate to a very large extent their crippling fears. Right training in childhood can do this."

(Adapted from The Parent's Magazine.)

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

Care of the feet.

NOW that most of our ladies have given up stockings and have taken to the wearing of sandals, it is very expedient that attention should be paid to the feet. *They* should look in the fashion too ! Apart from that, there is the fact that, since work for Indian women is increasing, the labour thrown on the feet is also increasing. More walking, more exercise for the feet; hence the feet must be fit for the work required of them. As an English Magazine says : "The foot is a delicate piece of mechanism. The small and delicate bones, the slender tendons, the intricate arch, the ankle pivot, all are most minutely adjusted and delightfully constructed to bend and move as we desire, and to bear the weight of our bodies." The first thing to see to is the correct fitting of the shoes or sandals. It goes without saying that the best shoes should be bought. If very expensive, they can be made to last long by careful looking after. We know that they must not be too tight, but they must also not be too big. There should be an arch to support the instep. I also like a slightly raised heel. There are so many sandals available now-a-days, which do not supply these two needs. The result is flat feet, which become more flat as the days pass by. Springiness goes from the walk, and the limbs get easily tired.

Then the feet should be as carefully cleaned as the hands. After that, it is inevitable that there should be manicuring for the toe-nails. The pushing back of the cuticle, the cutting of the nails fairly short, and a little creaming of them, will help; corns can be easily removed. Tinting and varnishing of nails must be left to individual taste. In ancient days, we know that Indian women adopted this measure as an increase to beauty. Blood-red nails look too bizarre, but a slight colouring of them will look rather pretty, I think.

Slim ankles, slender shapeliness of the feet and a graceful arch of the instep, can be induced by exercises. *Dress and beauty* suggests this: In the morning bath, a gentle massage with soaped hands of the tendons of the toes should be done, from the toes downwards, softly rubbing away the knobs and the nerve-nodules caused by too much strain or by ill-fitting shoes. The massage should be continued under the foot, smoothing out the big toe joint and working well into the arch. Then, it should be taken up to the ankle, moving the foot around the joint to make it supple. The muscles of the calf and the leg should be rubbed up to the knee, special care being given here also to the nodules, which may have formed.

Thick ankles are one of the most unsightly things in the world and should be got rid of. They are induced by bad circulation, we are told, and can be reduced by exercises. *Dress and beauty* suggests some. The first is to sit or stand with feet six inches apart from each other, and with knees rigid. Roll the weight to the outer edge of the feet, curl in the toes, lift the arch and raise the toes. Then press each toe down separately, starting from the smallest. Now stretch out the toes and raise them as high as you can. This exercise should be repeated often. The second exercise is to repeat the process of rising on the balls of the feet and then dropping weight to heels and raising toes. The third one is to cross the knees, to circle one foot after the other, first out and down, then in and up, while the ankle is left relaxed. It is good also to walk sometimes round the room, putting the weight on the outside of the feet, with the toes curled in.

For aching feet, a bath in hot water with Epsom salt is good. Methylated spirits or soft soap can also be dabbed on

to the soles, especially before the day's work begins.

(b) The vagaries of fashion.

It is rather surprising to me to see sometimes articles by Indian ladies, not only recommending the use of power and paint, but explaining how to use it to the best advantage with the Indian costume. This is all to the good in some ways. I am glad that our Indian women are not only coming to the fore, but are also holding their own in the realm of fashion; not only taking the fashion-example of other nations, but also putting their individual touches into it. But this is just where I wish to complain. In spite of the touch of independent personality, the fact cannot be denied that the art of powder and paint belongs more to the West that to the East. True, our women of old did use the *Kohl* and a few cosmetics; but these were nothing to the make-up of modern days.

As a set-back, therefore, I am glad to welcome articles by other ladies in which they somewhat deprecate the extreme use of fashion appliances, and the use of foreign phraseology. I have seen, and known, how great is the slavish imitation of fashion in this respect by some Indian women, and how much their own value is depreciated thereby.

And I also ask why this should be so. I have often wondered why it is that women should be such apt pupils of Dame Fashion. Time and again, no doubt, we have been given explanations of the fact, in which some sort of camouflage of this tendency has been put forward. Women, we are told, do not care to adopt the vagaries of fashion, unless they really suit them. Moreover, fashion is said really to be the index of comfort and convenience. The intention therefore, is good; but what really is the practice?

Powder and paint are the fashion now; so are certain peculiar methods of costume; and because they are the fashion, there is said to be no harm in them. But I say, what is the good of them? Do they beautify the woman at all? They may, in some ways, if she has a dull and insipid look; as a matter of fact, any startling appearance like a red gash across the mouth, a blooming carmine on the cheeks, a beautiful whiteness on the skin, will catch the attention even on an ugly face. The bizarre is always attractive to some people! And then, of course, there is the fear of being thought dowdy without such things. "We shall be out of the fashion," say the girls of the West. "We shall not be showing ourselves aware of modern tendencies. We shall be falling back. We shall not be *chic*, and no one will notice us." And our Indian girls are going one better: "We are trying to hold up the flag of India in every way. We are trying to show that Indian women also can keep up with Western women. Why then should we fall back in the realm of fashion? Let us show that we can also be *chic*."

But then, I say, all men are not the same. If you are always out for the admiration of men, remember that there are many men, who like to see a woman unadorned by powder and paint. Especially is this so, I am sure, among Indian men; I have seen so many of them stand aghast before painted beauty, and then scutter away like frightened sheep. I remember once years ago, going to a party given by an English lady. All the women there—of the West,—were dressed in the height of fashion, with the exception of one. She had on a rather loose, dowdy dress, well-cut no doubt, but not at all in the fashion. What was the result? I found her the centre of attraction, not of mockery or criticism, but of genuine attraction. And why? Because, she had such a charming personality, which made itself pleasantly felt. Yet, no doubt, in the West—we are shown this often enough on the screen—there is ridicule and amusement at the unfashionable woman. But anything can become the craze, as we know, of Dame Fashion, as we were told

the other day in the *Talkie*, " Lilies of the Field," in which even the inconvenient Victorian dress became the fashion for some days in modern London ! One gathered that what was really wanted was to create and follow a new *craze*, whether it suited one or not !

The point, however, is that it does not need powder and paint, or a bizarre fashion of dress, to make a woman attractive. On the other hand, such will often spoil natural beauty. I have seen many a fine skin coarsened, many a smooth complexion ruined, many a fine figure corrupted, in this way; while as for plucked eyebrows, reddened curves of lips, and men's clothes on women, what can I say ! On the other hand, bobbed and shingled hair does suit some of our Indian women; and perhaps a little darkening of the eyes may not be bad, while lighter and easier clothes than our old-fashioned ones are certainly advisable. Is there need, however, for extremes ? A plain woman can become attractive surely in other ways. She can develop the good points in her own personality, eradicate the bad ones, make herself less dull and insipid, and work up a natural and true personality, which is sure to trace out its own path, even among the *elite*. And this can be done by our Indians in their *own* inimitable Indian way. Why should they seek to be foreign in their effects ? Why seek to be slaves to an alien fashion ?

We are trying to Indianise India, even while internationalising it, if I may use the word. Let us do it, even in the region of that haughty autocrat, Dame Fashion. There can be an Indian fashion too, you know ! Even old-fashioned women, like myself, can be permitted at least to indicate what we think about it to our unruly descendants !

Of course, there can be retaliation from the younger set. " In what way," they can ask, "did you score by your ways in the older world ? Were you able to work hard in your costumes, play in them, go about in them, as we are. In your world, you kept to your houses. In our world we go out, and must dress accordingly. Were you not also catering to public opinion, in *your* conventionality, just as we do in *ours ?* Six of you and half-a-dozen of us, indeed !"

True, my girls, guite true. I have no objection to find, as I said before, with some things in your modern dress. But then there can be extremes in everything.

And why camouflage ? It may help in some ways, but remember that camouflage can be often very easily seen through ! And then comes the double accusation, not only of ugliness, but also of hypocrisy.

Of course, if slavery to fashion is really due, as I guess it often is, to high spirits, the desire for something new, and the "cussedness" of youth, why then we, carping critics, must bow our heads in humorous resignation, and hope for another and a better change in fashion.

—*Sister Susi.*

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

Bimala 'Boogles' the Burglars

(A FUNNY STORY)

"I SAY, come and hear this, *Acca*," called Kumar excitedly, poring over the latest copy of "The Madras Mail." Bimala, her head bent over the essay on "What to do in case of fire", that she had just written for school, slammed her note-book shut and ran to where her brother was seated.

"*Amma* told us not to read this," she scolded in a voice of big-sisterlike authority that made nine-year-old Kumar writhe guiltily.

"I was only looking at the pictures, and this caught my eye," he protested, pointing to a paragraph in heavy type. Forgetting for a moment that she, too, had been forbidden to read the many scandals and other pleasantries most newspapers delight in printing, Bimala began reading it; first with mere curious interest, and then with such absorption as to make her brother give a naughty chuckle and ask with mock surprise.

"What, *Acca*, you interested in a newspaper? *Aiyo*, what will *Amma* say?" But Bimala was not heeding, so enthralled was she in what she read.

It was as follows:—

"Twelve-Year-Old Girl's Pluck."

"Pushpavelli R......, playing on the verandah with her two small brothers, suddenly saw a king-cobra, hanging from the roof over the baby's head.

Quick as thought, she snatched the child to one side, and, as the snake fell on the verandah, she seized a heavy stick that lay near and killed it with one or two blows. Afterwards, she called the Ayah, and left the children in her charge.

"She was brave," Bimala murmured, her eyes shining, "and if I had the chance, I—I would try to be like her." Kumar screwed up his eyes, and surveyed her thoughtfully, his head on one side, a wicked expression on his face.

"I do not think you would, Bimala," he said slowly, adding, as he made ready to dash from the room, "you would shout for help"; and with one bound he was across the room, while his sister, her skirt and *thavani* (small sari) flying, chased him out into the passage, where he nearly collided with a peon.

Touching his turban respectfully, and not in the least perturbed by his little master's agility, the peon said in broken English, "Missie, men coming to see your father; I tell he is out, Amma, but they say they come to remove *wart-robe*."

Bimala thought quickly, and then she asked, "Have you sent them up?"

"Yess; Seshan with them in Amma's room, *he* watch."

"Then *that's* all right," breathed Bimala with relief, adding aloud, "did Madam tell you they would come?"

"Yess, Missie, she tell me, and I send kitchen-boy." Feeling glad that she would not have to deal with the matter, Bimala yet thought it would be as well to go up and see what was going on, since Seshan *matey*, was not particularly noted for his commonsense.

Mounting the stairs, two at a time, she suddenly wondered what had become of Kumar, and had half a mind to go down again and find out, when she heard a sound as of something falling. Wondering what this could possibly mean, she sprang up the remaining four steps, landing with a slight thud on the polished floor above.

The door of her mother's room was slightly ajar, so Bimala crept up softly, and looked into the room from behind an *Almira* which prevented her from being seen by the people in the room. These

two were busily ransacking her mother's wardrobe, pulling out silk sarees and jewels and throwing them into a large sack which lay on the floor, while two others ransacked a bureau. But what made Bimala, horrified as she was at the spectacle, stiffen with even greater horror, was the sight of the kitchen-boy lying in a corner, blood streaming in a thin trickle from a wound in his temple.

"Oh, oh," she gasped, forgetting for a moment that the slightest sound would betray her. The men turned simultaneously to her. An ugly look passed over the face of the one nearest her, but suddenly his face changed, and he said in a smooth voice, "Missie, keys please! we have orders to empty this *wart-robe* before taking it, and we want the key for the middle cupboard, it is locked."

Bimala thought hard, and then, as an idea suddenly presented itself to her, she replied calmly, "I shall get it;" and she left the room, going in the direction of her mother's writing-room, where she kept her keys and the household money and files of bills and receipts. There was a smile on her face as she went in, thinking how she was going to turn the tables on the men. She met Kumar as she was coming out, at the head of the stairs.

" Phone Police," she whispered, " explain later;" and she walked towards the door of the room where the men were, a key held tight in her hand, while her brother, mystified, scampered down again.

"Click!" went the lock, as Bimala swiftly turned the key, locking the door upon the men inside. But there were *two* doors to that room, so, remembering this, she ran quickly across the verandah, round to the other one, just as angry voices told her that her prisoners had discovered her trick.

"*That's* done," she said excitedly to herself, as the second door was sucessfully locked; and then she sped downstairs to wake the servants and await the arrival of the police. To her surprise, she met Kumar again, his face wreathed in smiles, and making for the direction whence she had just come. Stopping him, she related hurriedly what she had done, adding in a triumphant voice, " You said I could never do what that girl in the paper did."

" You *are* ver...*ry* clever," acknowledged her brother, adding, as he took the key from her hand, " and now you had better let me set my friends free; the Venkataraos are acting this for me, and I wanted to test you.' And off he sped laughing, leaving Bimala *speechless*.

Ever afterwards, the stock tale of the season amongst the Venkataroas, their next-door neighbours, was how Bimala thought red ink was blood, and managed to ' boogle' the burglars. But she herself never understood how it was that not a *thing* of her mother's was really touched, and how the two real furniture men could be in league with their neighbours, acting so well that she was easily deceived. Those were things Bimala longed to find out, but never did.

Still, sufficient to say she managed to successfully " 'Boogle' the burglars."

E. K. Tampoe, Age 14 Yrs. 10 ms.

A Safety Code for Childdren

WHEN ON FOOT.

1. *Always stop* before crossing the road, look right and left and, if all is clear, cross quickly.

2. *Always stop* and look before running into the roadway on leaving school, or to fetch your ball or hoop.

3. *Always* cross busy streets where there is a policeman or refuge, if you possibly can.

4. *Always* look out for vehicles turning corners.

5. *Always* look and listen for warning signals.

6. *Always* wait till the bus or tram stops before getting on or off.

7. *Always* guide younger children across the road.

8. *Always* walk on the right-hand side of the road, when there is no footway.

9. *Never* run behind or hold on to motors, lorries, carts or other vehicles.

10. *Never* throw each other's caps, or push each other, into the roadway.

WHEN CYCLING.

1. *Never* ride on the step, crossbar or handlebar of another's bicycle.

2. *Always* keep your brakes and rear reflector in proper condition.

3. *Always* go slowly at cross roads and dismount unless you can see that the way is clear.

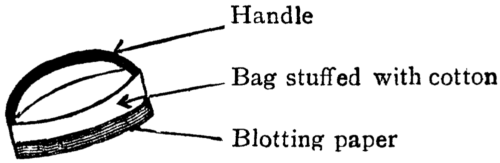
(From "The Policewoman's Review," February 1935)

Things to do

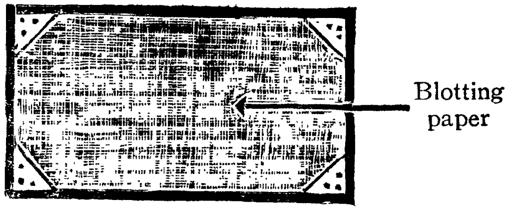
Writing-table fitments.

It's always a problem what to give people on their birthdays and for Christmas; but there's nothing *granny* or mother or father would appreciate more than something made by you. Here are some useful things you can make for the writing-table.

The Blotter. Make an oval or oblong bag of about 6 inches long and 3 inches wide, and stuff it tightly with cotton and sew up the open end. Cover the bag with some nice silk on top—and attach a handle on one flat end, and blotting paper, cut the same size as the bottom flat part, to the other end. Your blotter is now complete.



The Pad. Cut out a piece of cardboard, about 16 inches by 14 inches. Get some water-proof cloth or green baize or felt, and cut it according to the shape of the board and cover it front and back. Next, cut triangular pieces of the same material, and attach to corners by means of small brass nails. Fit in blotting paper into the corners, in order to cover the top of the pad. It is now complete.



THE ETHICS OF BRIDGE

ATTEMPTS have been made to include bridge among the purely gambling games of the world. I think they have been more or less frustrated. One is glad of that, though of course it cannot be denied that Bridge does partake largely of gambling. There is so much chance in the falling of the cards, such a variety in their distribution, such endless combines among them, such scope for change of methods and attitude. Women especially seem to feel the chances of the game, as proved by their superstitions at the table. The cut pack must be chosen for deal; walk clock-wise; never leave aces for seats; to be lucky in cards is to be unlucky in love, and so on. With the quality of chance also goes the monetary value of the game. There can be no doubt that the higher the stakes, the more interesting is the game. But still, there are many people, who like the game for itself, and care not for points. But there are others, who hate "playing for love", and who in such a situation bid too high, or care

too little for the hazards of the game. To circumvent such, stakes are necessary. Yet there can never be said to be too much gambling in such games. One has always to be ready for defeat or loss in bridge, as well as in other chances. One day's losings may mean another day's winnings; and at the end of the month one generally equalises. Apart from all this, however, there is no doubt that bridge is a grand game; carrying almost as valuable lessons in its inception, as does the great game of cricket. One may originate a saying hereafter—That is not bridge—as we do in cricket. What is bridge then—I mean, not the game, but the intention of the game? Why, it should mean as much as any other sporting game! Just the sport of it, the sporting spirit of it, if you like.

In the first place, real bridge means the honest observance of certain rules. No doubt, too much has been made of such conventions; and bridge now-a-days is apt to become too solemn a business, as serious almost as any profession. We see the point of this, when we visit an Englishman's club. All is quiet, orderly and methodical. Seldom does an outsider interfere. The players are left to themselves to ponder and think and play. Now go to an Indian club. Very often at such, bridge is more social than otherwise. Lookers-on walk about, often making audible comments, and very often take a hand in the game itself; and immediately after the game is over begin to offer as many remarks, and as many items of advice and criticism, as those tended by the players themselves; so much so indeed that they often become "a weariness to the flesh." There is no greater bore, I think, than the one who from an outside stand-point constantly criticises; but perhaps a greater bore still is the player, who is conscious of his inferiority complex, and who, the moment he becomes *dummy*, or the moment a game is over, begins to ask for advice aud to deprecate the calls he has made, or the play he has played. Is not all this absence of convention really worse than too much convention? To many people it is; and I cannot think of anything more annoying than to be constantly prompted over the shoulder how to play. Rules in bridge, therefore, should, be as important as rules in any business walk of life. Then again, bridge means the consideration of other people. *Post-mortems* naturally mean a lot of noise, which disturb players at other tables. They also mean a waste of time, as well as of energy. Again, they mean a clogging of the faculties, an *addling* of the brain, which may be clearer otherwise.

Thus, bridge teaches the spirit of unselfishness; I think it is one of the best teachers of that rather scarce quality. Apart from the control of one's criticisms, there is the altruism of the play itself. There are players, for instance, who love to keep the play in their own hands largely, and no doubt sometimes correctly, because they think they can carry off a game better than their partners can. Can there be anything more selfish? After all, bridge is a game. To over-call one's opponent is good, if it is correct; but to do so from purely selfish reasons, and thus very often to foul a game, is terrible!

At the same time, let it not be forgotten that an inferior player should not impose himself too much on good players. No doubt, one cannot learn unless one plays with really good players, and no doubt one pays his way to play in a club. But here also can the spirit of altruism step in and hand-in-hand with humility and the perception of one's own faults, hesitate to presume "where angels may fear to tread."

Another great lesson of bridge is that it teaches people to make the best of a bad situation and not to lose their heads or get desperate in reverses. In bridge, as in other events of life, the proverbs often come true that "while there is life there is hope," and that "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." Besides, what harm is there in loss? It is good to learn to play as well as in losing, as in winning. I have heard of players, who throw up their hands when they get bad cards. What then about their

partners, and of their opponents? Have these not be considered ? "Play the game" is as true in bridge as in cricket. Thus courage, pluck, nerve, and persistence are some of the lessons of bridge ; as well as the induction of the methods of education, inference, elemination, construction, and orderliness. Too much elation at success and therefore too much over-confidence, is discouraged by general experience in bridge. The control of one's vexation and chagrin at loss, the acquiring of equability of temper, poise and balance are other lessons.

There are few games, which show up the nature of the players, as does bridge. Watch the erascible player, frowning over his partner's mistakes, grumbling and rumbling ; and the moment the game is over, bursting out into angry rebukes. See the conceited one chortling over his own cleverness and over the *coups* he thinks he has carried off by himself. If his hand is a poor one, he praises his self-control at not over-bidding ; if the game is won, he vaunts his courage ; if it is lost, he gives what he thinks are unavoidable reasons for what are mistakes and proceeds to criticise his partner's faults. The cunning player watches the faces of his opponents, and is on the *qui vive* for slips of any kind ; perhaps he insinuates many shrewd remarks which may help his partner. The boisterous player makes too much noise ; the foolish player tries to hide his want of knowledge in pretentious remarks. The unkind player makes *catty* remarks ; the unsporting one placates his superiors in play and bullies his inferiors. The selfish player tries to monopolise the play. And the real sport ? Why, he is everything that those others are not. All honour to him, for he is seldom to be found—the man, who knows really to play bridge ; who sees the faults of his poor partner and who is clever and kind enough unostentatiously to accommodate his play to those faults, and kinder still to make allowances for such a partner and make him feel at ease : who does not mind if he loses, or at least does not in any way exhibit his chagrin, who never interferes, and who always tries to make everyone feel happy, in short who is a *gentleman* in bridge as in everything else.

It is natural that the play among women should be different from that of men. The latter think of nothing but their bridge ; the former cannot often concentrate ; they must talk of clothes and prices, and servants and babies and food in the intervals of the game, while they or *dummy*, perhaps in the middle of a game itself. Is it any wonder that men like to have the bridge-room to themselves ; while women like to welcome men to play with them ! What an exhibition of poor spirit is this among women, and yet what a proof of an eternal verity ! But, are not men selfish sometimes to keep themselves to themselves ? I am sure they are. I like them when they mix up with women ; but I do not grudge them a few rubbers to themselves. In any case, if they play mixed bridge, they can partake of the lovely *binges* which women have a special knack for—delicious snacks to munch, delightful drinks to sip and delectable bits of gossip to whisper ! Whatever the undersirability of a *binge* for men, its worth to women cannot be made too little of. How it blows away the cobwebs of too much thought, how it lightens the labour of concentration, and how it clears the decks for further action !

Let none think, however, that there are no good bridge players among women. Far from it. What about the Mrs. Culbertsons of the game, than whom their husbands cannot find better or more reliable partners ?

— *Kamala.*

NEWS ABOUT WOMEN IN INDIA

(1) Progress of Women

IN an illuminating article in the *Hindu*, Mr. Kumarappa gives us a sketch of the struggle of women for freedom. In the ancient world and the Middle ages, the view was that women could not take part in state affairs, and so had no need for public education. But British women were not satisfied, and in the middle of the 19th century, started the Women's movement, which may have originated in democracy, or been a natural development of social and political evolution and the growth of industrialism. In any case, women were afraid of loss of independence, through the deprivation of cottage industries in the industrial era, and of self-degeneration through the consequent enervation and inactivity. The women's labour movement demanded, not only that work should be thrown open to them in professions, political and skilled labour circles, but that they should also be trained for the work. Then came the demand for fair conditions and equal wages in factories. Finally, with the advance of education, came the request for the equal share of responsibility in all affairs.

The National Union of Women's suffrage Societies, founded in 1867, did much to improve the social, educational and economic status of women. But very slow progress was made in the winning of the right to vote, as the first right of equal-citizenship. Well-known women formed the *National Women's Social and Political Union* in 1906; and aggressive and offensive war was carried on against government to secure privileges. Into the midst of this conflict came the great war, which at once proved the capability of women for hard and persistent work. In 1918, a new bill conferred limited suffrage on women, which was a concession won partly as a reward for service done in war, but chiefly on account of the aggressiveness of the women themselves.

The women's movement started earlier in America, we are told, and by 1900 franchise had been achieved in four states. Something a little better was gained in 1916, and in 1919, suffrage was really ratified.

On the continent, the Danish movement goes back to 1872, and in Norway to 1886. French women had complete enfranchisement in 1907; Norwegian women in 1913, and Danish women in 1915. In Sweeden and Holland, the fight was much more severe, success being finally achieved only in 1921 and 1919 respectively. With the growth of democracy after the war, the right to vote became more valuable. In Germany, the women's movement was more for the securing of improved social and educational conditions. In Russia, Madame Schiskiva-Yavein led the agitation, and won the right to vote. The Russian example was followed by Poland and other countries, till now more than two-thirds of Europe is enfranchised. Mr. Kumarappa thus enumerates the demands of women:

"In every country where women vote, there demands immediately grow up for legislation to provide equality of rights, opportunities and pay between sexes and for the better protection and education of children. Equal economic status for women, equal divorce laws, equal responsibilities of parents for illegitimate children, pensions for widows with dependent children, and protection of young persons from drink and other vices, are prominent lines of reform which women have already set in motion and for some of them they have already secured legislation in some countries. From what we have already seen of their social and economic interests and activities, it is not difficult to envisage the future. With equal responsibility in the administration of the affairs of the world, the distinctive contribution of women is

bound to be towards the advancement of the economic and spiritual welfare of mankind."

It would be well to consider, as a continuation of this sketch, the summary of Mrs. Margaret Cousins in the *Hindu*, of women's position in India. In the Buddhist and Vedic eras, women were equal to men in every way. Since then, they have gone down, but are coming back to their own again. The improvement has been swift during the last twenty years, gaining impetus from the national awakening.

With regard to social conditions, we know the evils of child marriage, the purdah system, inefficient maternity service, and the poverty of the masses. But various associations of welfare and Municipal, District Board and Panchayat Councils are doing their best to improve conditions. The Sarda Act is a great help, though much has still to be done to improve it, as well as to enforce it.

As regards education, the average rate of literacy is very low, sufficient money not being in evidence for the early education of girls. A small percentage of girls has taken to higher education, becoming later lawyers, teachers, scientists, accountants, journalists, authors, artists, philosophers and politicians. Co-education is increasing. The education of adults, who cannot go to college, is taken up by associations of various kinds. As regards oral and traditional education, however, the level of general culture of the women of India is quite high. Domestic and home training has been standardised by the founding of the Lady Irwin College in Delhi by the All-India Women's Conference.

The economic status of women is not very high. Except in teaching, women receive less wages than men. Though all trades are open to them, they are generally kept back from better-paid work. The want of Maternity-benefit laws, and of women's trade-unions handicaps women. Proper conditions in factories are not fully available; and women are being forced away from underground work. In agriculture, the conditions for women are the same as those of men, but poverty in villages is very great, though efforts are being made to ameliorate it.

In property, the Muslim women have the most privileges, but Hindu women are in an unjust position, though Baroda and Mysore have lately instituted great reforms in this direction. In Malabar, however, women hold all the property through the matriarchal system. In political status, women have the same rights as men to vote and be elected to legislature and government bodies, besides rights of nominations; but the qualification being a property and literacy one, the percentage of women voters is very low, as compared to that of men. There are women members of Legislative and Municipal councils, as well as of District Boards and Panchayat Unions, and Honorary Magistrates. There has been a Deputy Speaker for the Madras Legislative Council and a woman Minister of Health in Travancore. Three chief associations are working for women in India, the All India Women's Conference, the Women's India Association and the National Council of Women. National consciousness has been roused in the women of India.

It is interesting to note in this connection the differences drawn between men and women. The *Illustrated Weekly of India* mentions some of these. It includes the assumption that "men can do without women, but women cannot do without men." The truth is that "women are essentially simple and men essentially complex." Yet none is superior to the other; for, though they differ, there can be no criticism of these differences. The keynote of women's simplicity is emotion; of men's complexity is thought. The strongest emotion in women is creative; and, being limited, takes the narrow sphere of husband and children, in award of sex. A man, however, finds satisfaction in other things, in creating, and striving, in doing, in thinking, in art for art's sake. He

loves the effort and the battle, not the result. But women want the result, the completion. And thus the really complete woman is the woman who has found her man. "The others have the soul and the mind of a man in a woman's body." To man therefore, it is the principle that matters; he can easily separate it from practice. But the woman must fulfil her theory in practice.

Is there any doubt of the cause of the power wielded by woman everywhere? She does wield it; and therefore in order to be equal to it, she must be educated. As the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri said the other day:

"In our country, though she is ignorant, a woman is not only the wife of her husband, but also his mistress. We are ruled by our wives, in some cases to a very great extent, and we are not ashamed to admit it even in public. We throw the blame on our wives, as though it excuses us from the responsibility.

I do not object at all to women being equal with us in the responsible tasks of life in the bearing of the burdens of the family. I should certainly agree to certain duties being departmentalised and given over to them, but after due preparation of the party for the job. The job is delicate, it is difficult, demanding the attention of a highly prepared agency, and yet to the most crude and undeveloped agent we entrust our affairs and we pride in the fact that we entrust to them great duties. Thus this question also demands the attention of the social worker."

2. *Women in underground work*

Begum Shah Nawaz, adviser to the Indian Government Delegation to the 19th session of the *International Labour Conference* submitted her report lately, and the Conference acting on the lead given by the Committee, unanimously adopted a Draft convention, prohibiting the employment of women in underground mines of all kinds.

In India, according to the Report of the chief Inspector of Mines, in 1933, out of a total of 2,06,507 workers working in mines of all kinds which come under the Indian Mines Act, underground workers totalled 1,12,355, of which 99,556 were men and 13,799 were women. The latter figure, however, has been steadily decreasing. In March 1929, the Government of India issued regulations which came into force on 1st July 1929, under which no woman is permitted to enter or remain in the underground workings of any mine other than an exempted mine, unless she is authorised to do so in writing by the chief Inspector. The exception is intended to provide for cases, where a lady-doctor, a lady-inspector, or a lady-visitor may wish to enter a mine, from the underground workings of which women are excluded by law. In the exempted mines—the coal mines of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, and the Central Provinces, and the salt mines in the Punjab,—the prohibition of the employment of women underground is to become operative by successive stages over a period of ten years, so that by 1st July 1939 the exempted mines will be subject to the rules applied to other mines from 1929; that is to say, by that date the practice of employing women underground will have been totally abolished. The progressive reduction in the employment of women underground is proceeding steadily and even at a rate exceeding that anticipated. According to the annual reports of the Mines Inspection Department, the number of women employed underground in mines in 1928 was 31,785 and had fallen to 24,089 in 1929 (23 per cent. of all underground workers), 18,684 in 1930 (15.56 per cent. of all underground workers), and 14711 in 1932 (13.26 per cent. of all underground workers). For coal mines alone, the figures for the years 1928, 1929, 1930, and 1931, respectively were 28408, 21880, 18,287 and 16,632.

3. *The A. I. W. C.*

The Standing Committee of the *All Indian Women's Conference* has concluded

its half-yearly meetings at Poona, representatives having coming to it from Hyderabad, Baroda, Sangli, Gwalior, Indore, Travancore, Kolhapur, Bombay, Maharashtra, Kokan, Sind, Madras, Andhra, Punjab, Delhi, Bengal, C. P. and Gujarat. It was represented that the organised women of India have taken certain general exceptions to the *India Bill*. They also press for joint-electorates for reserved seats for women in the legislatures — not on a communal basis. They object strongly to the wifehood qualification, but like the literacy one. They dislike the application condition.

The A. I. W. C. has thought out a new method of work through four commissioners, one for education, one for labour, and two for social problems. Each with its Chairman and Secretary, will submit their reports and suggestions to the central Conference. Tours will be undertaken to centres of social and educational interest, and to villages to enquire into the life of Harijans. The central work will be in Delhi with a paid Secretary, for which purpose funds are appealed for.

(4) The *Association for Moral and Social Hygiene*, founded in England byMrs. Josephine Buttler in 1869, has its branches in India. Its principles are:

1. An equally high moral standard for men and women.

2. Liberty with responsibility.

3, Respect for human personality.

There are five main sections:

1. The responsibility for *investigation and research* rests with agencies, both official and voluntary, who have access to facts, and can spend time in gathering information in a sympathetic way.

2. The responsibility for *legislation* rests with barristers, magistrates, police, the Legal Remembrancer, and the Legislative Department, and voluntary protective sccieties.

3. The responsibilitity for *education and measures* for the benefit of the family, rests upon the parents and home circle, the college and school teachers, and religious sects; and such groups as the Seva Sadan, Seva Samitis, Guides, Scouts, and other organizations serving young people.

4. The responsibility for *medical measures* rests upon the Health Department, private physicians, hospitals, and other health organizations of a voluntary welfare type.

5. The responsibilty for *rescue work and the revival of interest in wholesome recreations*, rests upon social agencies, censorship boards, Municipal Committees, and especially upon the women's organisations.

At the Fifth Conference in Geneva, and another conference in London, held last year under the auspices of the League of Nations, India was represented, and the poineer work done by the Indian Association for moral and social hygiene was considered. The following extract from the *Statesman* in an article by Mrs. M. Shephard will give an idea of the extent of the work intended to be done:

The work of the conference will be to enlist official and non-official support in furtherance of the movement. In India, there are special difficulties not found in other countries, notably in the enlistment of women to do welfare work and in the after-care of prostitutes. Owing to the "purdah" system, women of the better classes are not available in sufficient numbers for this work; and in this country, as elsewhere, many women, it is said, condone prostitution as an inevitable evil. So long as their womenfolk adopt this attitude, it is not surprising that the men should be inclined to see no moral wrong in the vice. Indian women, with their undisputed authority in the home, have it in their power to revolutionize public opinion in this matter. So far as the after care of prostitutes is concerned, rescue work is handicapped by the diffi-

culty in India of finding work for girls. In the West, honest employment or work can usually be found without difficulty for girls who are rescued, but social conditions in India at present bar the way. Industrialization has brought another special problem in the checking of vice, and, it may be added, the spread of disease in India. Owing to the system of engaging labour that has been prevalent in many places up till now, large numbers of labourers are separated from their wives and families for months in the year, and on their return to their villages take with them disease, which is spread with disastrous results. This is an aspect of the problem that needs urgent attention from employers of labour, and all concerned with the public welfare.

There is a vast field to be worked over, and there can be no doubt that welfare work and protective legislation will not suffice by themselves to better the lot of women. Perhaps, the requisite change of outlook can be brought about only by approaching the problem from the religious and cultural standpoints. In other words, the most promising field for reform would seem to lie in the schools and homes, where better moral standards can be implanted in the minds of the rising generation."

(5). Sundries.

We are glad to hear of the opening of the *Central College for Women in Nagpur*, the idea being "to fit the students for that wider sphere which they have to fill in the world as wives and mothers and teachers of society, as well as teachers, college professors or business women."

... ...

The Bengal Hindu Sabha has laid down a special programme to deal with crimes against women. Vigilance societies are to be organised in several localities and will act as advisers to the Central Committee, their objects being, not only to get all information of crimes against women, but also to be in touch with the guardians of girls, to keep watch over women, and to take charge of helpless women. Besides this, an *Order of the protectors of women* will be organised, which will also act under the central committee. Prizes and medals are to be given every year for brave acts in defence of women. Propaganda work will be carried on and trained teachers will warn bad people of the evil of their ways.

... ...

We are glad to hear of the appointment for the first time of a Nambudiri woman as a public vaccinator.

... ...

It is good to read of proposals for the opening of *free libraries* for women in towns and villages, in order to give opportunities for study of various subjects. Since literacy has become one of the qualifications for enfranchisement, such libraries will largely help our women, creating in them a habit of reading, which is bound to result in much benefit.

... ...

The National Council of women of India, under the guidance of Miss Ruby Navalkar, has just produced a *Who's who* of women in India. The effort is a good one, and the book will be of great use to several people, besides bringing into public note the names of many Indian women, who are working quietly, but none the less effectively in their own spheres. It is pleasant to know that there are so many efficient and educated women in India as are found in this *Who's Who*. The book, however, has not been brought up to date in many places.

News about Women in Foreign Countries

(1) The *Hindu* tells us of Prof. Watanabe of Japan, who for 35 years has successfully managed a prominent *Girls' Sewing School* and a *Girls' Sewing College* in Tokyo. These schools have lasted for 55 years, and out of them have come 20,000 girls of whom 2,000 are now teachers in big educational institutions. The Department of education takes an interest in these institutions; and some of the councillors are very distinguished educationalists. The girls are sent to cinema pictures to watch foreign design and etiquette. Then, while some study this carefully, all have to interest themselves in courses of Japanese sewing. The designs are worked out by them, and the materials are dyed by them in well-equipped laboratories. Fine stitching is learnt; and cutting-out is done according to arithmetical theories. At the same time, each student is taught to develop her own personal taste.

It is noteworthy that one of the conditions of the work is that girls must marry after graduation. Prof. Watanabe believes in happy marriage and motherhood, not in business alone, which may spoil the jobs of men. This is what he says about the modern Japanese girl:

"Educate the girls first and you won't have to worry about the men. I am convinced that the modern Japanese girl has more refinement, charm, and cultural interests than her mother or grandmother at the same age; in every way she is a better girl. She is far more intelligent. When we began our school, we had to teach girls the fundamentals of mathematics. They had to learn arithmetic before we could begin to teach them to sew. They had no idea how to measure cloth. But to-day they have learned arithmetic in the primary school and when they come to the sewing school they can step right into the measuring and drafting without any preliminary study. They dye cloth by chemical formulae and they cook by exact recipes, which they scientifically compute. The modern Japanese girl is much healthier than her mother or grandmother was. I suppose this is the result of her training in sports. She has not only a healthier constitution but also a better figure and as a result of these factors, she is a prettier girl. Her interests are wide and her activities are growing daily."

(2) A short while ago, there died at the age of seventy-five, in Chicago, Mrs. Jane Addams, the internationally-known social worker and "champion of world peace." She has been described in several well-meaning phrases, "America's greatest woman and most illustrious citizen", "Chicago's most useful citizen," "best-loved woman in the world." Sometimes, she has been called a "world revolutionary," but she has also been known as a keen "humanitarian." The *Hindu* gives us the following details of her life. She graduated from Rockford College in 1881, and travelled much for sometime. She settled then in Chicago, and started a settlement, which she called Hull House. This became gradually the centre of many social activities, such as a club for boys, a haven for working-women, a meeting-place, a legal aid society, etc.,—"a citadel of compassion, where the dispossessed and the bewildered, the friendless and the forgotten have gone for refuge and help." It also became a centre for sanitary work in the slums; later, this institution inspired many campaigns not only in Chicago, but also outside it and led to great social legislation. This is what was said of it in the *Edinburgh Review*:

"There is still one hope for the new social democracy, and when I reflect upon Jane Addams' mission and contemplate the true meaning of the work she has built up, I am sure that if Christ ever comes to Chicago he will stop at the Hull House."

Jane Addams took a great interest in "world-peace." She started the *Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.* She advocated women's suffrage, and took part in Roosevelt's *Progressive* campaign of 1912. She tried to secure peace by mediation during the great War, earning much criticism thereby. She became President of the *Women's Peace* Party in 1915. After the war was over, she exerted herself to lessen "the excesses of the war-fever." In 1931, she was joint-winner of the Nobel Peace Prize. She also was given the M. Carey Thomas prize, usually given "to an American woman in recognition of eminent achievement."

(3) We are glad to hear of the removal in London of the bar on married women to take

up public posts. Miss Dawson, Chairwoman of the *General purposes* committee of the *London County Council*, who has been working for twelve years to achieve this purpose, says:

"Naturally I am delighted with the decision; it is twelve years now since as a member of the Committee of the National Union of Women Teachers I threw all my energy into the fight against this unjust ban. Then I led a deputation to the L. C. C. and we approached every member. There were meetings, petitions and letters. But the bar was imposed; the door was shut. Now it will be open again. The schools need a proportion of married women teachers. Any sort of establishment that is made up only of celibate men or celibate women cannot have the healthiest of atmosphere, apart from the new experiences as a wife or mother, which must increase a married woman's human understanding."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

1. LIGHT IN DARKNESS

LOOKING through the back number of an English contemporary, I came across a very interesting article on "Illuminating your garden," and there were beautiful illustrations of patches of gardens illuminated with flood-light, giving a most magical effect. The author says that electric lighting has enabled us to put the words of the poet, "the best of all ways to lengthen our days," into practice. Hours are stolen from night, and darkness is made light, not only in the dingy interiors of houses, but out on God's good earth in the open.

"The lamps and wiring would, of course, both be waterproof," says the author, "so that they can take no harm at any season of the year. It will be found that they give effective illumination to a distance of about 60 ft. and over approximately the same breadth," if the lights are two "750-watt lamps in reflector housings."

In India, a floodlit garden would be very beautiful, especially on a hot summer day, when to stay indoors is so irksome.

2. BRIDGE BINGES

When husbands are away working hard in offices, what do wives do? Why, play bridge of course—and *contract* bridge has taken on so rapidly, that there is hardly a pastime more enjoyable than to get together a congenial four (all ladies of course—else it won't be so chatty and all bridge friends) and have a cheerful morning. To the woman, who has not as yet taken to playing bridge, and does not go to or have these delightful *binges* in her house, I would advocate quick lessons in contract, and a swift entry into the bridge circle—else she will be missing one of the good things of life.

Now-a-days, these binges can be made so attractive. Everything about the room must be delicate and up-to-date and fresh and clean. The fan should be fast enough to keep the players cool; but not too fast to blow the cards away, and the lighting should not be too bright or glary, and at the same time not too dim. The cards should be new, the bridge table a good one, with little tables by the side on which are placed cigarettes, sweets and ash-trays. The *eats* provided should be delicate and mostly delectable savouries, and good coffee is always an asset. Bridge Binges are good entertainment for ladies, and the sooner Indian women take to them, the better.

— *Paddy.*

Cookery Notes

Orange Pudding

Juice and rind of 1 orange,
1 tablespoon butter,
1 cup sugar,
2 cups water.

Put the above ingredients into a baking pan and bring to the boiling point. Then add by spoonfuls the following batter:

½ tablespoon butter,
½ cup sugar,
1 cup flour,
1 teaspoon baking powder,
½ cup milk.

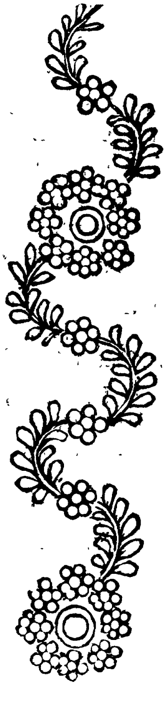
Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. The crust should be brown. The juice under the crust makes a delicious sirupy sauce for the pudding. It is best served warm with whipped cream.

Oatmeal Cookies

½ cup butter,
1 cup sugar,
2 eggs,
¼ cup milk,
2 cups oatmeal,
1 cup raisins,
2 cups flour,
2 teaspoons baking powder,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
¼ teaspoon salt,
7 tablespoons cocoa,
¼ teaspoon baking soda.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the eggs, milk and oatmeal. Sift the flour, measure it and sift again with the measured baking powder, spices, baking soda, cocoa and salt. Add the raisins to the mixed and sifted dry ingredients and stir into the oatmeal batter. One-half cup of nuts may be added for older children. Only half the amount of flour may be used, if you prefer a very light cookie dough. Drop the cookie dough by teaspoonfuls on greased pans and bake in a moderate oven for ten to fifteen minutes.

Needlework Notes



A pretty pattern for a border. This can be worked, in a larger design if desired, for saries, for handkerchiefs, or for teapoy cloths. The pattern should first be carefully outlined with a rather coarser cotton than the one used in the embroidery.

The flowers and leaves can be of different kinds and with more spaces between. The design can be worked in silk thread, or even stencilled.

Fasten the thread along the pattern with running stitches. The spaces between should be padded with loose back and forward stitches, raised more in the middle than on the sides. No knots in the cotton should be allowed anywhere; a new thread should be passed between these stitches; and then worked over as usual and the end finished off along the tracing, or behind some pattern stitches.

The little flowers with their six petals can be done in satin stitch, which is worked straight and flat over the padding. The flowers with five petals can be worked in stitches which go slanting over a single thread run between. These should go from left to right. The veins between the petals can be worked in back-stitch worked from right to left, one behind the other in a straight line. The leaves can be done with a straight stitch from left to right over a single thread run between. The insides of the petals and the leaves can be filled in with back stitches scattered over. The centres of the flowers can be filled in with small French knots, inside the double circle. The outline of the latter can be done from inner to outer circle in a straight stitch over a thin padding of stitches.

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